

MERRIMACK MAGAZINE

AND

LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

"REFLETE WITH EV'RY CHARM T' IMPROVE THE HEART,
"TO SOOTHE LIFE'S SORROWS, AND ITS JOYS IMPART."

No. 4.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1805.

[Vol. I.]

Miscellaneous Selections.

THE TWIN-BROTHERS.

A TALE.

AMIDST the extensive wilds of Africa lies a territory, the inhabitants whereof are as numerous and even as civilized as the Chinese. They are called the Mezzoranians.

Two twin-brothers of this country, which is still so little known to our geographers, were both enamoured of a young lady, who equally favored them both. The two lovers and the fair one chanced to meet together at the festival instituted in honor of the Sun. This festival was solemnized twice in the year, because, as the kingdom lay between the two tropics, yet somewhat more on this side of the line, it had two springs and two summers. At the commencement of every spring season this adoration was paid to the great luminary, throughout all the nomes or districts of the land. It was celebrated in the open air, to denote that the Sun was the immediate cause of all the productions of nature. They made an offering to it of five small pyramids of frankincense in golden dishes. Five youths and an equal number of virgins, are named by the magistrate to place them on the altar, where they remain till the fire has consumed them. Each of these young persons is dressed in the colour of their nome, and wears a diadem on their head.

One of the two brothers, with the damsel of whom we are speaking, composed the first couple who were to place the incense on the altar. This done, they saluted one another. It was customary for them now to change their places, the youth going over to the side of the virgin, and she coming to his. When the five pair have done in this manner, then follow all the standers by in the same order, by which means they have an opportunity of seeing each other completely.

It is here that commonly such as have not hitherto made their choice, determine upon one; and as it depends solely on the determination of the damsel, the young man takes

all imaginary pains to win the love of her whom he has selected from the rest. For avoiding every species of misunderstanding and jealousy, the maiden, when the young man pleases her, takes from him a flower not yet fully blown, which he offers to her acceptance, and sticks it in her bosom. But, if she has already entered into some engagement, she gives him to understand as much, by shewing him a flower; and, if this be only a bud, then it is a sign that he will make her the first proposal; if it be half blown it implies that her love has already made some progress; but if it be fully blown, the virgin thereby betokens that her choice is made, and that she cannot now retract it. So long, however, as she does not publicly wear this token, it is always free for her to do as she pleases.

If she be free, and the man that offers her the flower is not agreeable to her, she makes him a profound reverence, and shuts her eyes till he is retired. Indeed, at times, it happens here, as well as in other places, though but rarely, that she disguises herself to her lover. If a man be already contracted, he likewise bears a token. Such maidens as have yet met with no lover, have it in their choice either to remain virgins, or to inscribe themselves among the widows, which if they do, they can only be married to a widower. But let us return to our twin-brothers.

The brother, who stood at the altar with the young damsel, felt as violent a passion for her as she did for him. They were so very intent upon the ceremony, that they forgot to give each other the accustomed signs. On her leaving the altar, the other brother saw her, became enamoured of her, and found opportunity, when the ceremony was over, for presenting her with a flower. She accepted it at his hands, as being fully persuaded that it was the person who had just been with her at the altar. But, as she took herself away in some haste with her companions, she imperceptibly dropped the token she had received. The elder brother accosted her once more, and offered her a flower. Ah, said she to herself, in an amiable confusion, it is the very same! and took it likewise. The young man, who heard this, imagined for certain that it meant him: but as the law allowed them to remain no longer together, they departed their several ways.

He that at first presented the flower found an opportunity, some days afterwards, of seeing his charmer by night at a lattice. This sort of conversation, though strictly prohibited by the laws, was yet connived at. The damsel appeared so kind, that he ventured to offer her the token of a half-blown flower. This she accepted, and in return presented him with a scarf embroidered with hearts interwoven with thorns, giving him to understand thereby, that there were still some obstacles to be surmounted: she allowed him at the same time to declare himself her lover, without, however, giving him her name, and without even acquainting him with the reason of her silence on that head.

Not long afterwards the elder brother met her at the very same window; but the night was so dark, that he could not perceive the second flower which she wore in her bosom. The extreme satisfaction she discovered at his coming, seemed to him somewhat extraordinary; but he ascribed it to a sympathy which, between lovers, banishes all restraint. He began to excuse himself for not having seen her so long, and assured her, that if he could have his will, no night should pass but he would come to assure her of the ardour of his inclination. She admired the vehemence of his passion. The lover received such clear indications of her favorable disposition towards him, that he thought he might easily wave the ceremony of the second token, and accordingly gave her the third, a nearly full blown flower. She accepted it of him, telling him, however, that she would not immediately wear it; that he must first go thro' certain forms, and that she must still see more proofs of the fidelity of his attachment. At the same time, to assure him of the sincerity of her love, she gave him her hand through the lattice, which he kissed in the greatest transports. Upon this she made him a present of a fillet, on which were wrought two hearts in her own hair, over which was a wreath of pomegranates, seemingly almost ripe; a joyful token, which gave him to understand that the time of gathering was at hand.

Thus all three were happy in their error. On all public occasions, the two brothers appeared with the signs of their inclinations, and felicitated each other on their success; but as mysteriousness was not destitute of charms

for them, they cautiously avoided every opportunity of explaining themselves to each other. The return of the grand festival was now at no great distance, when the youngest brother thought it the proper occasion for venturing to give his beloved the third token of his affection. He told her that he hoped she would now willingly wear the full-blown flower as a testimony of her consent: at the same time presenting her with an artificial carnation interspersed with little flames and hearts. She stuck the carnation in her bosom, unable to conceal her joy as she received it; at which her lover was so transported, that he determined to demand her of her parents.

[Conclusion next week.]

SENSIBILITY AN UNSAFE GUIDE.

VARIOUS are the feelings and perceptions of our compound nature. The objects around us are various, which are adapted to our several senses. Our internal perceptions are the ground work, and our organs of sense are the vehicles or instruments of all our pleasures, and all our pains, considered as corporeal beings. Our senses are impartial, and faithful in transmitting to the seat of sensation, the impression which is made upon them by any object whether agreeable or offensive. Our inward texture is such, as to render us susceptible of pain from disagreeable objects, in proportion to our susceptibility of pleasure from those which are agreeable. Yet no wise man, for fear of being wounded, wishes to have his feelings benumbed, since this will preclude his most delicate pleasures.

There is a wide difference in this point, in different persons. Some have so little sensibility, as to feel nothing but a blow; so little generosity, as to care for no one's interest but their own; so little sympathy, as to feel for none but themselves; so little humanity, as willingly to lacerate the feelings of others. Some are so "feelingly alive all over, as to smart and agonize" with the least prick from the thorns of this wilderness. But there is a satisfaction in being possessed of the finer feelings, and being able to weep with them that weep, as well as to rejoice with them that rejoice; a satisfaction, which counterbalances all our pains from wounded sensibility.

Sterne, who was all feeling, has a beautiful apostrophe to sensibility. "Dear Sensibility! Source inexhausted of all that is precious in our joys, or costly in our sorrows! Heaven! eternal fountain of our feelings! 'tis here I trace thee!—and this is thy divinity which stirs within me—that I feel some generous joys, and generous cares beyond myself." It was from such sensibility, such thrilling emotions, by which he was so often agitated, that he was so "positive he had a soul." But if sympathy and fine feelings are indications of a rational soul, they ought to be under the direction of reason, in order to shew the superiority of the man to the animal. Proofs irrefragable there are, that men are not material only, not animal, but rational beings. But sensibility belongs to men, as sensitive creatures. And though it is a dishonor to a human being, to be destitute of humanity, and to a sensitive being, to be void of sensibility, yet, as we are rational as well as sensitive in order that our sensibility, sympathy and humanity, may be a real credit to us, and the more beneficial to others, they must submit to the regulations of reason, that mistress of the soul. Then, and not otherwise, will they become virtues. Without this control and direction, they are only natural qualities or dispositions, which, in their extremes are hurtful, and in their defi-

ciencies, occasion a deficiency in doing good, and promoting happiness. Reason and use will keep alive sensibility, where it exists in due degree, and increase it where it is defective; reason and vigilance will prevent the ill effects where it is too acute.

Sterne, after all that can be said in his vindication or praise, was evidently governed too much by his feelings. From his experience, as well as our own, we may see, that neither our external senses, nor our internal sensibility, are safe guides, unless themselves are guided by judgment. As Sterne, by indulging his darling sensibility, was sometimes himself led astray, and often very narrowly escaped, so he has done more by his example and descriptions, than any man besides, to seduce others into trouble and disgrace, by their sentimental pursuits.

That sensibility depends on delicate nerves, and an easy flow of refined animal spirits; that the tone of these nerves, and the flow of these spirits, and consequently the pleasure or pain arising from them, may be increased or diminished, by a greater or less degree of health, by agreeable or disagreeable objects, by drink and diet, generous or meagre, I, as well as others have been convinced, by reason, observation and experience.

In a beautiful season of the year I attended an ordination in the country. The day was fine; multitudes flocked from all parts; every one was cheerful; mirth and good humor abounded; the ladies were brilliant; the occasion was joyful; the entertainment was rich; the wine was animating; the music was exhilarating; every thing was transporting; the meeting-house was capacious and crowded; my spirits were not inflamed, but softened, subtilized and sublimated: In short I felt myself all over *Sternified*. When the congregation was composed, and while the council were adjusting some preliminaries, I looked over the gay *parterre*, till my eyes ached with the sight of so much beauty and splendor. At length I singled out a particular lady whose countenance interested me much. Her complexion, at the distance she was from me, appeared fair and delicate; her look languishing and sweet; her dress was rather neat than gay, but her face, and what will shine through gauze and cambric, was what I principally gazed at. The fascination of my eye soon attracted her's. Our eyes frequently met, and seemed to be forming an interesting correspondence. I felt as if there was, or should be, a consanguinity between us. "Yet," said I, "are we not relations?" I wondered who she was, where she lived, and who the happy man was that waited on her there. I was determined, if possible, not to lose sight of her in the crowd, when the exercise should be over; but to find out where she was going, and the company with which she was connected. I therefore lingered while the assembly was dispersing; she too seemed not in a hurry to depart. I concluded she was waiting for her gentleman to attend her. Presently I saw her moving towards the opposite door; supposed therefore, that her carriage and company were there. Being myself obliged to go out at another door, I feared I should not lay eyes on her again. However, by searching about, I at length discovered her—stepping into a coach, or chaise, you will suppose—no such thing; she was leading her poney out of the horse shed. She seemed shy of being seen. She hastily mounted—took her sister up behind her—and away she trotted. I did not attempt to stop her; my heart, on the contrary, pronounced a sincere valedictory; for all my pleasing sensibilities had got the start of her, and had trotted off the other way. This luxuriance of sentimentalism, though blatted by disappointment, yet terminated innocently. But how many of the followers of Sterne, by surrendering themselves to their feelings, and blindly following the *sweet illusions* of their dear sensibility, have been led to a more ignominious place than a stable, and returned with thorns in their bosoms and a blot on their characters?

FATAL EFFECTS OF CURIOSITY:

Exemplified in a narrative founded on facts.

IN the voluminous catalogue of infirmities incident to human nature, few are more conspicuous than CURIOSITY. The human mind is, in most instances, pervaded by a spirit of enquiry: when curbed by the regulating hand of discretion, it is laudable; but an impertinent anxiety to enquire into the secrets of individuals, is highly reprehensible.

The fair part of the creation have been proverbially branded with the encouragement of this insatiation, and I fear with too large a portion of justice. The following instance of ill-timed curiosity actually occurred, a few years ago. May the perusal of it act as a buoy, to warn my fair country women from yielding to the allurements of so disgusting a folly!

Emma Fitzallan was blessed with the bounties of Providence: Affluence hailed her its mistress, and added sweets to the happiness she experienced in the possession of a fond and amiable husband, and a youthful progeny. The rich courted her friendship, and the guileless orisons of the poor solicited her welfare: to be brief, she was (in as great a degree as the state of humanity will admit) virtuous, and completely happy.

But human nature cannot be perfect. She had one failing, which on a superficial view, appears insignificant, but which (with pain I relate it) hurled her from the towering summit of earthly bliss, into the terrific gulf of misery—it was *Curiosity*!

It was in pursuance of this infirmity, she constantly inspected the letters forwarded to her husband during his absence from home. One day, she, in a careless manner, opened and read the following epistle:—

DEAR FITZALLAN,

Our unfortunate attachment gives me infinite anxiety. If our amour should be discovered, the consequence will be—

The heart-broken Emma could read no further—the letter fell from her convulsed grasp—and she sunk lifeless on the floor of her chamber.

When the afflicted wife regained the use of her suspended faculties, rage entered her breast; on the return of her husband she upbraided him, in bitter terms, with the gross violation of the nuptial bed. In vain Fitzallan protested his unfulfilled innocence. Emma persisted in the charge, and left the apartment in a state of mind bordering on insanity.

Oppressed by the most excruciating mental agony, the ill-fated Fitzallan, in a paroxysm of phrenzy, formed the dreadful and impious resolution of abridging the term of his existence, and effected this terrific purpose almost instantaneously. The report of the pistol brought the unfortunate wife to witness the voluntary dissolution of her husband! I will not pretend to depict the dreadful scene—my humble pen shrinks from the attempt.

The succeeding morn added an increase of horror. A servant enquired at the mournful mansion for a letter, which had by mistake, arising from similarity of names, been delivered to the wretched Emma on the preceding day. The miserable widow, convinced of the purity of her murdered husband's conduct, fell a shocking example of the *Fatal Effects of Curiosity*.

Repartee of Lord Chesterfield.

SOME one observing to Lord Chesterfield that the French were a more polite people than the English, he hesitated very much; the observer continued to corroborate his opinion by adding, "*My Lord, the English confess it themselves.*" "Nay, then," returned the peer, "*that confession proves the English superior in politeness.*"

SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.

"Unhappy he! who from the first of joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone."

THE human heart has a natural propensity to social intercourse. Mankind are not calculated to live without the aid of their fellow-creatures; nor is it possible, when secluded from society, that they can enjoy those finer feelings of the soul which constitute the principal part of human felicity.

It is true that solitude, and retirement from the noise and bustle of life, may afford great pleasure and satisfaction to contemplative, well-informed, philosophic minds: But even solitude and retirement are to be softened and rendered really agreeable and happy, only by the connection of friendly associates. Our all-wise Creator has implanted in our natures, such inclinations and appetites as are suitable to our state, such as naturally lead us to the love of society and friendship, and without which we should be in a worse situation than the brutal creation.

It is by social intercourse we learn the various principles which actuate mankind, the emotions and passions by which they are influenced; the effects which are produced in individuals by the same causes; the vices to which they are most liable; the temptations which are most likely to induce them to stray from the paths of virtue, and the methods by which they may be persuaded to act suitable to the dignity of their nature. It is the same way that our intellectual powers are to be improved, our understandings cultivated, our sentiments refined, our morals regulated, our hearts amended, and we ourselves rendered capable of enjoying the blessings of this changing state.

Men of gloomy, melancholy, contracted, and morose tempers, may think that in seclusion from the world, they can best serve their God: That they must retire from society and deny themselves the enjoyment of those pleasures which heaven has fitted for human nature: But these ideas are erroneous. The benevolent author of our race doth not require that we deprive ourselves of the comforts which are furnished in the large field of nature. In our pilgrimage through life, our minds being properly regulated, we may often meet with some clear fountains which it is lawful for us to taste which may allay our thirst, and afford us pleasure as we pass on our journey.

The miseries to which mankind are liable, have been a subject investigated by the philosophers of every age—they afford a copious source for moral observations, which are not without their use.

PLEASURES OF IDLENESS.

*Alas! what cruel stories will be told of
The man whom laziness gets hold of.*

TO paint the horrors, disgust, and misery, attendant on the character of a lazy man, has been a copious subject to employ the pen of the rigid moralist. But, however mistaken they may have been in their censures, there have been too many, so infatuated with the prospect, or love of acquiring property, or so bound up by the shackles of prejudice, as to open wide their ears to the reception of such nonsense; yet I flatter myself, that there are still many, who are not yet so much deluded by avarice, or clothed with hypocrisy and selfishness, but will give the devil his due. Considering the shortness of human life, and the uncertainty of futurity, is it not the duty of every wife and politic being, to engross every possible, lawful means, which promises the least shadow or glimpse of enjoyment? That laziness is a source of infinite pleasure will be denied by no one who has taken his first degree in comical exploits. It is an observation, equally true as universal, that the fountain of our pleasure is the enjoyment of the

society of the fair sex; and no one class of beings (monkeys and lap-dogs excepted) think themselves entitled to a greater share of their smiles, or anticipate more fond caresses, than those idle, lazy beings, who are expert at nothing but picking up a lady's fan, handing her into a carriage, &c. In return they expect them ever to be ready to guard them against the malicious reports of the industrious. The man who snores out the beauty of the morning, in his devotions to his drowsy god, indifferent both to public and domestic care, may be emphatically styled *independent*. He can visit his independent brethren at the public houses, and kill time by quaffing the precious offspring of Bacchus, or by lolling over the rails at the coffee-house, and making observations on the ladies as they pass on a windy day. Many are the pleasures and blessings to be found in the character of the idle, lazy man—so many, and so extatic, that he who is systematically idle, must be exquisitely happy.

ON POVERTY.

AMIDST the miseries to which human life is liable, nothing is so generally dreaded as *Poverty*; since it exposes mankind to distresses that are but little pitied, and to the contempt of those who have no natural endowments superior to our own. Every other difficulty or danger, a man is enabled to encounter with courage and alacrity, because he knows that his success will meet with applause, for bravery will always find its admirers; but in poverty every virtue is obscured, and no conduct can entirely secure a man from reproach. Cheerfulness, as an admirable author observes, is here infensibility, and dejection, fullness; its hardships are without honor, and its labors without reward.

How many abject souls there are, who esteem the want of wealth, as a want of virtue.

A consciousness of the rectitude of our intentions, tells us, though we are unfortunate, it is not because we are more undeserving than others; nor is our native pride depressed by a sense of our poverty. We can see, in idea, Cincinnatus, the great dictator, preparing on his hearth the homely repast, with those hands that had subdued the enemies of his country, and borne the triumphal laurel: reflect that Socrates the reformer, and Menenius Agrippa, the arbiter of his country, has been, the one maintained, and the other buried by contribution. And the great Scipio Africanus had been so poor, that the portions of his daughters were paid by the public: who then would repine at adoption into a family that has been honored by such illustrious ancestors.

THE PAINTER.

AN ALLEGORY.

ONE of the most celebrated Artists of Athens, who painted less for money than for fame, showed to a Connoisseur a portrait of Mars, and requested his judgment on it. The connoisseur candidly declared that the painting was too much labored. The painter did not want reasons to justify his work. The Connoisseur, on his part, urged more potent arguments; but they did not convince the Artist.

A young blockhead arrives in the midst of the conversation, and fixes his eyes on the picture—"Gods!" exclaimed he, at the first glance, "what a *chef d'œuvre*!—How accurately these nails are painted!—What a beautiful helmet!—The whole is astonishingly finished!—It is Mars himself, alive!"

The painter was penetrated with shame; and, with a look of confusion said to the Connoisseur—"You are right; I own myself vanquished;"—and with these words he threw the painting in the fire.

If your works do not please people of taste, it is a bad sign; but it, besides this, they please blockheads, never let them go into the world.—Destroy them.

MAXIM.

SPEAK as seldom and as little as may be, either for yourself or of yourself; but let your character speak for you. Whatever *that* says will be believed; but what *you* say in commendation of your own character, instead of being believed, will but render you ridiculous.

Something somewhat singular, surely.

IT is singular that, in a certain town in England, the *fairest* lady is a Mrs. Brown, and the gentleman who wears the *neatest* shoe is a Mr. Broadfoot.

NEWBURYPORT,

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1805.

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## Merrimack Humane Society.

ON Tuesday last, the Anniversary Meeting of the Members of the MERRIMACK HUMANE SOCIETY was held at Washington Hall, in this town; at which, the following Officers were chosen for the ensuing year:

Micajah Sawyer, M. B. President.

Hon. Dudley A. Tyng, Vice-President.

Ebenezer Stocker, Esq. Treasurer.

Nathaniel Bradstreet, M. B. Corresponding Secretary.

Mr. William Woart, Recording Secretary.

## Trustees.

Rev. Thomas Cary,

Nathaniel Saltonstall, Esq.

Samuel Nye, Esq.

William Coombs, Esq.

Rev. Isaac Smith,

Nicholas Johnson, Esq.

Rev. Daniel Dana,

Rev. Samuel Spring,

Rev. John Andrews,

Rev. Joseph Dana, D. D.

Rev. James Morris,

Rev. Jonathan Allen.

Preceded by a band of music, the Society walked in procession from the Hall to the Meeting-house in Pleasant-Street, where, after an introductory anthem, and an appropriate prayer by the Rev. Mr. Andrews, a very pertinent Address was delivered by D. A. White, Esq. in which the principles of the institution were portrayed in a manner that inspired the audience with a high sense of the benevolence of its members. Addressed to the heart, it was peculiarly calculated to plead the cause of humanity, which was forcibly advocated.

## ERRATUM.

In the Literary Notice, last week, instead of *By Thomas Bancroft, of Worcester, Massachusetts*, our readers will please to notice that it should have been, *By the Rev. Aaron Bancroft, of Worcester, Massachusetts*.

## To Readers and Correspondents.

We are happy in acknowledging the communications of our correspondents, and in giving them publicity when practicable, if admissible; by rejecting, for the present, the sentimental effusion of *Elvina*, we hope we shall not incur her displeasure. Although it possesses proofs of lively imagination, yet we cannot determine whether it is intended as verse or prose, but suppose the former; the measure, however, is very uneven, and composition irregular.

*The Seasons of the Year*, No. 1, was received too late to appear this week.

## Hymeneal.

"Delightful state! to whom alone is given,  
On earth, to antedate the joys of heaven."

MARRIED]—In this town, Mr. Edward Currier to Miss Louisa Gerrish.—Capt. John Swain, to Miss Jane Kouffeau.

## Obituary.

"Hope humbly then, with trembling pinions soar,  
Wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore!"

DIED]—In Amesbury, Dr. Aaron Sawyer, aged 76.—In Byfield, Mrs. Sarah Jaques, at an advanced age, late of this town. Mrs. Susanna Dummer, consort of Mr. John D. Mrs. Smith, wife of the late Mr. Thomas S. In Newbury, a Child of Mr. Michael Atkinson, aged 18 months.

In this town, Mrs. Ruth Cross, consort of Maj. Wm. Cross, in the 45th year of her age, after a long and lingering sickness, which she bore with patient submission to the will of God, supported by a hope in him who is the resurrection and the life. In her were united the affectionate wife, tender mother, and amiable friend.

Miss Elizabeth Woodman, aged 21.

Subscriptions for the Merrimack Magazine and Ladies' Literary Cabinet, are received at the Post-Office, the Book-stores in State Street and Market Square, by Messrs. Webb & Kettell, Middle Street, and at the Printing-Office of the Publishers.—Future subscribers may be supplied with first numbers of the Magazine. Aug. 23.



## Poetry.

## For the LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

The following beautiful lines were written in imitation of a very animating speech, delivered by his Excellency General Washington, before the American Troops, when the term of their establishment had nearly expired, and they were about to retire to their respective callings in life—animated thereby, for the welfare of their Country, they again equipped for Battle.

M. B. Q.

## THE AMERICAN TROOPS.

FULL twice ten moons had wax'd and wan'd,  
Since first dark clouds of battle rain'd  
The life destructive shower,  
And swift wing'd time led on the day,  
The troops no longer bound t' obey,  
Sought home's domestic bower.

Forth from the camp battalions turn'd,  
Whose wedded souls in secret mourn'd  
Fond melting scenes of bliss;  
Oft had they wept the partner dear,  
And mingled soft affection's tear,  
That bath'd th' ideal kiss.

In hope's white plume now wrapt along,  
They carol'd pleasure's festive song,  
And prest in close embrace,  
The prattling babe, the long-left wife,  
And all the charities of life,  
That charm with sweetest grace.

As hurrying on, their chieftain spoke,  
One universal plaudit broke  
Around him, as he rose;  
Heaven, earth! he cries, are these the men  
Who tore the lion from his den,  
And dar'd Goliath's foes?

Ah! why this speed; what means such haste?  
Where is the hope of safety plac'd,  
Except on fields of strife?  
Back to your tents, to glory's post,  
Till final ruin whelms your host;  
Farewell, adieu to life.

With him who turns, wild carnage treads;  
Around his path destruction spreads;  
Her billows roll afar;  
Close at your heels, the furious throng,  
Like mad'ning torrents, foam along,  
And drive war's ruthless car.

Shall poverty, distress, despair,  
Weigh down to earth the fav'rite fair,  
Or goad a parent's breast?  
Shall foreign slaves, by despots sold,  
Or blood hounds paid in British gold,  
Deny your children rest.

Forbid it, heaven! forbid it, earth!  
These are the times that try men's worth,  
And prove the patriot's soul:  
On—to the camp—to war—to arms—  
Despite inaction's fatal charms,  
And press for freedom's goal.

If morn's broad wing Britannia rides,  
To drive the ocean's deepest tides,  
Haste, overtake, pursue;  
Death's first-born son shall charge the foe;  
They fly his spear, he draws the bow,  
His arrows strike them through.

Swift as the leopard on the plain,  
Fierce as the wolf's rapacious train,  
Strong as the eastern gale,  
Their horse and foot have swept the land,  
And gather'd captives like the sand  
That strews Arabia's vale.

Why sleeps your wrath? Let vengeance flame,  
Return, return, immortal fame  
Shall wreath the warrior's head;  
From rock to rock, by terrors driven,  
Wet with night dews, or storms from heaven,  
Your wives, your babes have fled.

Years, months, and days, were never made,  
Unless for slaves by tyrants paid;  
Your sword a world secures;  
Ages to come with grateful smile,  
Millions unborn shall bless the toil,  
Eternity is yours.

He ceas'd, they heard the rousing call,  
Impassion'd ardour seiz'd on all,  
Instant the columns wheel'd;  
Wav'd high in air the glittering sword,  
To battle's plain impetuous pour'd,  
And trod the purpled field.

## Selected for the LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

## THE HARMONY OF NATURE.

WHILE Woman like soft music's charms,  
So sweetly bliss dispenses,  
Some fav'rite part each fair performs  
In the concert of the senses.  
Love, great first fiddle of the band,  
Each passion quells and raises,  
Exploring, with a master's hand,  
Nice modulation's mazes;  
Till the rapt soul, supremely blest,  
Beams brightly on each feature,  
And lovely Woman stands confest  
The Harmony of Nature.

Hark! with the pensive in duet  
The sprightly horn it mingles;  
The Prude's the fife, and the Coquette  
The lively harp that tingles.  
One boldly sweeps the yielding strings,  
While plaintive t'other prates it;  
Like Cæsar this to vict'ry springs,  
Like Fabius that awaits it.  
With various gifts to make us blest  
Love skills each charming creature;  
Thus lovely Woman stands confest  
The Harmony of Nature.

Maids are of virginals the type,  
Widows the growling tymbal;  
Scolds are the shrill and piercing pipe,  
Flirts are the wiry cymbal.  
All Wives piano fortes are,  
The bafs, how Old Maids thump it!  
The bugle-horn are Archers fair,  
The Amazons a trumpet.  
With various gifts to make us blest  
Love skills each fav'rite creature,  
And thus sweet Woman stands confest  
The Harmony of Nature.

## LOVE.

In vain I ev'ry art essay,  
To pluck the venom'd shaft away,  
That rankles at my heart;  
Deep in the centre fix'd and bound,  
My efforts but enlarge the wound,  
And fiercer make the smart.

## Preface to the "METRICAL MISCELLANY."

BY THE EDITOR—1802.

THE rich and cultur'd flow'r to find,  
Pleas'd must we range the garden maze,  
Where splendor reigns, with taste combin'd,  
And art her fairy wand displays.

Yet oft near tangled brake, or stream,  
By Nature's careless bounty thrown,  
A flower we mark, that sure we deem  
Is much too fair to blush unknown.

Wild and unshelter'd as it stands,  
Low drooping thus in modest guise,  
We raise its stem with ready hands,  
Its beauties catch with willing eyes.

Such artless sweets where'er descried,  
The Muse hath sought with patient care;  
'Mid secret wilds, and meads untried,  
A various chaplet to prepare.

And doubly blest, if these can charm;  
A heart to gentle friendship prone,  
Who feels with interest prompt and warm,  
The praise of others—IS ITS OWN.

## BEAUTY AND SENSE.

How much superior beauty awes,  
The coldest bosoms find;  
But with resistless force it draws,  
To sense and sweetness join'd.

The casket where, to outward show,  
The workman's art is seen,  
Is doubly valu'd, when we know  
It holds a gem within.

## AN EPITAPH.

On the Tomb stone of a noted Glutton.

(From the French.)

A Glutton renown'd,  
Lies under this ground,  
Who forever to eating was prone;  
Before his last breath,  
He'd fain have eat death,  
But there he found nothing but bone.

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